

One Last Promise

by ManOfChocolate

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Summary: At the end of a long and wonderful life, Frisk prepares to make one last sacrifice for someone special.

One Last Promise

****A/N:** Crossposting from Ao3 again. I'm not even going to say anything and leave actual Author's Notes for the end. You'll see why.**

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><p>It had been a good life.<p>

Free to roam the Surface, monsters flooded out of the Underworld to mingle with the humans that had driven them in there so many years prior. The transition was not without its rough spots, but it quickly became clear that the element of magic was something humanity had unconsciously missed for some time. There was a place for monsters on the surface, and Frisk was the very link they'd sought to help them reconnect.

The years were sometimes difficult, but never unkind. Frisk was a Dreemurr in all, but name and human legalese. In the long run, it meant precious little. No family came forward to claim them, but instead Toriel and Asgore were more than happy to provide for everything they could have wanted. There was a certain sense of reconciliation between them over their 'shared' child. As for Frisk, they got everything they ever wanted: food, housing, education but even more so than anything, the warmth of family.

But as with all things, time marches on. The months turned into years, the years into decades. Toriel and Asgore have not changed much, but Frisk certainly has. 'Getting in touch with their inner skeleton' is what Sans always said, the more wrinkles they got over the years. They always found more and more humor in it, despite the

dark nature of the joke. The passage of time was not to be feared, especially not for one who once held control of a cosmic 'rewind' button.

And yet there was still one more thing left unfinished.

Frisk sighed, sitting up in the hospital bed. The Dreemurr family insisted on only the best care, but even the highest-grade of monster and human medicine could do precious little against pure old age. At least this room didn't have any of those burning neon lights. They opened their eyes, smiling at the guest who had been patiently waiting for them to awaken.

"Sorry for the wait..." they said, their voice a mere shadow of the energetic mirth of years long past. "Please tell Mom, I'd much rather have another snail pie, than all this medicine."

Their guest tilted their head, trying their best to return the smile and the attempt at humor.

"You know, this isn't... all that bad." Frisk said, a chuckle making their frail body tremble. "I can't remember the last time I was so... spoiled."

The silence quickly got uncomfortable. The former ambassador continued to smile, sharing none of the sadness the emanated from their visitor. To them, this was merely the end of a very long and loving road.

"Don't be so... gloomy." they said. "There's still some stuff I'd love to do Extreme sports, especially."

That got even their guest to smile, however briefly.

"I don't regret anything." Frisk continued. "All these years, all the friends, all the laughter... I would never regret a single moment of it. I had my happy ending. But I digress... this isn't why I called you here."

They sat upright, thoughtful gaze looking into the unknown distance.

"There is something I promised to you once." they said, their voice gaining back some of its strength for some of the most significant words they have ever uttered. "That at the end of the line, I'd make one final sacrifice. One last gift, one I promised to you, all those years ago. One that would make you whole."

The human extended a hand, concentrating briefly. While it wasn't as easy to do this as in the Underworld, the many years of practice paid off. A bright glow colored the walls red as their SOUL manifested in their palm. It lost some of its brilliance over the years, but still had that warm aura to it.

"Take it."

Their guest reached, but reeled back immediately, almost like they expected a trap.

"I'm sorry it's so old and wrinkly... like I am." Frisk joked,

surprisingly cheery for someone about to let go. "But it's the genuine article. You've waited for this for so long. I offer you this as the seal of our promise. Take it, and be what you were always meant to be."

They hesitated for another few moments, still unsure despite the kind words. So much time has passed, and yet Frisk was still ready to fulfill their end of the bargain, like it was just setting a tab at Grillby's. The gesture was foolish, kind and unlike any human or monster. It was all Frisk.

They gazed at the hand once more, the warm glow of Frisk's SOUL inviting them closer. Old or not, the SOUL was still burning with raw power and Determination. Endless possibilities, a bright and shining future, a chance to cleanse everything, all within arm's reach.

The thought was
intoxicating.

Exhilarating.

FILTHY.

WOSH.

Gallons of warm, soapy water splashed in Frisk's face.

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><p>Post-AN: You may kill me now. **

Some days I get lots of really good and interesting requests. And some other days, I get 3 "Dying Frisk gives their SOUL to X" requests in a row. When that happens, I start getting fussy, especially if I have no chocolate around. This is what happens in that event.

As always, requests for my early demise are welcome by my tumblr: milkasingularity.

Hope you had fuuuun!~

End
file.